

THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

VOLUME 8.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 20, 1866.

NUMBER 29.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WILSON, CARTER & CO.,
COTTON FACTORS,
AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Groceries & Plantation Supplies,
No. 194 MAIN STREET,
Corner Washington, [June 1] MEMPHIS, TENN.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
Corner Cedar and Cherry Streets,
Nashville, Tennessee,
J. G. FULGHUM, Proprietor,
Formerly of 28 North Summer St.,
J. G. WILSON, Clerk.

This Hotel has been lately refitted and newly furnished. The proprietor desires a liberal patronage of the traveling public. (May 18-6m)

NATHAN ADAMS,
Office in Court-house next to Post Office,
WILL PRACTICE LAW
in Chancery and Circuit courts of Giles. He will
attend to the Collection of Claims,
against the U. S. for Bounty, Pension, Back Pay,
or claims for property—and charge nothing in such
cases until the money is collected. (Feb 16-6m)

SOLOMON E. ROSE,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Office in the South-west Corner of the Court House,
WILL PRACTICE
in the Courts of Giles and adjoining counties. (Feb 12-6m)

AMOS R. RICHARDSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties.
Office in the Court House. Jan 19-6m

T. M. N. JONES,
Attorney at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Will practice in Giles and the adjoining Counties.
OFFICE
West side Public Square, Up stairs, over the Store
of May, Gordon & May, next door to the Tennessee
House. Jan 12, 6m

P. G. STIVER PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Will practice in Giles and the adjoining counties.
OFFICE
In North end of the Tennessee House, west side
of the public square. Jan 12-6m

BROWN & McCALLUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
OFFICE—The one formerly occupied by Walker
& Brown. Jan 5, 6m

RUTLEDGE & REED,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
WILL practice in the Courts of Giles, Marshall,
Maury and Lawrence. Particular attention
given to the collection of claims. Office on corner
Public Square, Up stairs. Jan 6, 17-6m

LEON GODFREY,
Watch Maker & Jeweller,
PULASKI, TENN.
ALL kinds of Repairing in Watches or Jewelry
done promptly, and satisfaction warranted.
Shop at Mason & Ewell's Store. (Feb 16-4f)

M. D. Le MOINE,
ARCHITECT,
Office No. 11, Cherry St., near Church,
NASHVILLE, TENN.
P. O. Box 875. (Jan 10-6-3m)

Ezell & Edmundson,
East Side Public Square, Pulaski, Tenn.
Keep constantly on hand a full and assorted
STOCK OF GOODS,
Embracing a great variety,
ALL of which they offer at low prices—especially
their elegant stock of
Ready Made Clothing.
All kinds of Barter, all kinds of money, premium
and uncurrent, taken at their market value.
Jan 6-6m

DR. J. F. GRANT,
DR. C. G. ABERNATHY.
MEDICAL CARD.
DRS. GRANT & ABERNATHY.
Pulaski, Tenn.
HAVING associated themselves in the practice of
Medicine and Surgery, respectfully tender their
services to the people of Giles and the adjoining
counties; and hope by strict attention to business
to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
Special Attention Given to Surgery.
Having had ample experience in the Army during
the war, and being supplied with all the appliances
necessary, they feel fully prepared to treat all cases
entrusted to their care.
Jan 5-6m

ALEX. BOOKER,
CAL. BOOKER.
TONSorial.
ALEX. and CALVIN, Knights of the art Tonsorial,
invite the young, the old, the gay, the grave, the
elite of Pulaski, to call on them at their new
BARBERS SALOON,
North side Public square, at the striped pole.

L. W. McCORD,
Book and Job Printer,
CITIZEN OFFICE,
SOUTH-EAST CORNER PUBLIC SQUARE—UP STAIRS,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
CASH required for all Job-work. No Job can be
taken from the office until paid for.

More Amendments.

In view of the fact that the Abolitionists in Congress, have proposed some mighty odd amendments to the Constitution, a facetious fellow in Kentucky offers the annexed amendments for the Constitution tinkers:

1. Every Freedman shall have a bureau for himself, with a looking-glass on the top, if he wants it.
2. Every Freeman shall have a secretary of his own.
3. Every freed boy or girl shall have a wardrobe.
4. Every freed child shall have every thing it cries for.
5. White people, whether free or not, must behave themselves.
6. All people of every color except red, must vote.
7. Every free white male citizen, of twenty-one years or under, and of sound mind or otherwise, may vote if he will take the oath he would be a negro if he could.

THE LAUGH OF WOMEN.—A woman has no natural gift more pleasingly bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unforseen fugitive through trees, led on by a fairy laugh—now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have; and we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away and listen, and hear the evil spirit of mind. How much we owe that sweet laugh! It turns prose to poetry; it flings flowers of sunshine over the darkness of the wood in which we are travelling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more than the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.—*Prentiss.*

THE WAY TO AVOID CALUMNY.—"If any one speaks ill of thee," said Epictetus, "consider whether he hath truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself; but his censures may not offend thee." When Anzimer was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ah," said he, "then I must learn to sing better." Plato being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, said, "It is no matter, I will live so that none shall believe them." Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, he said: "I am sure he would not do it if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing a sting out of a reproach, and the true way of preparing a man for the great and only relief against the pains of calumny—a good conscience.

Brick Fomeroy's Comments on the Memorial of Flowers.

How touchingly beautiful must have been the sight of thirty thousand Southern women and children in Richmond strewing the graves of their fallen dead on Memorial Day! Truly it is sweet for one's country to die, when the hand of beauty, the tear of sorrow, and the sweets of the floral kingdom are brought to the last resting place of the loved who died in defence of their land, their loved ones, and their liberties.

The women may weep—
The mothers may pray—
The heroes may sleep—
There cometh a day
when history will do full justice to those who went forth to do or to die for their country, North or South.

Who is there with a heart in him that would not rather be a dead soldier in the sacred cemetery, watched by beauty, covered with tear-wet flowers, and shrouded in memory as they are by those who admire bravery, than to be one of our Northern vandal generals like Butler, Banks, Curtis, Washburn, Prentiss, Schurz, Burdette, Harburt, and others of that class of patriots, who fought for spoils and not for principles, and who were most active when the enemy were in their rear?

There is not a soldier-grave in all the South filled with him who wore the faded gray, but is before God and the true world more of a man and a patriot than the political tool of tyranny who used his official position to win wealth instead of honor, and whose most successful warfare was carried on against woman and children, alone and defenseless. Who will strew flowers over thief Butler or cotton-stealing Banks? Who will, with roses perfume the air over the grave of mule-loving Curtis or piano-loving Prentiss? Who will shed tears over the graves of hundreds of northern officers, who robbed, burned, and pillaged the homes of innocent parties? Angels may weep over their sins, but mortals never will over their virtues!

And who will weep over the graves of the tyrants, cowards, and tools of tyrants who went about the country mobbing men for an opinion, imprisoning men for their belief, and beating their brains out with clubs for not shouting a lie in praise of tyranny, cowardice, wrong and usurpation? God bless the good women of our land, be

they North or South. God bless those who are true to themselves, and who honor the heart which alone makes woman lovely. Women of the North, as you read of the sorrow of those of your sex of the South, those you have been taught to hate, those who have suffered beyond their strength, as your read of their love for those who fought for them, let your hearts warm and soften for those who never wronged you. As you sit down to run your jeweled fingers over pianos, harps, and guitars, if these instruments be the ones your husbands or sons stole from Southern homes and sent North, as trophies of their bravery (!), let your fingers draw forth at least one strain of sadness and sorrowful melody in remembrance of the ones your stolen musical instruments rightfully belong to. And as your eyes rest on rings, pins, and other jewelry stolen from Southern women, let your hearts go down to the land of ashes and graves, and ruined homes, and see from whence came these mementoes you so glory over.

And when you sweeten your tea from silver spoons, or sip it from silver spoons sent to you from Southern homes, think for one moment of the bitter tears shed on Memorial Day by the ones whose initials are on those things, or were before you had them made over "to hide the ugly marks."

Thank God, the vandals who disgraced the name of American soldiers, and who plundered defenseless Southern homes under the sanction of Lincoln and Stanton, had not the power to beat back the God-given right to shed tears, and to hold sacred in memory the ones who were to them dear and worthy. They have lost their homes—they have lost their loved ones—they have taken the rose and the magnolia to deck the graves of their loved ones—they have pillowed their heads on tear-wet graves, and given us renewed faith in the purity and goodness of women.

And then was it not kind in our government to send but two regiments of troops to guard against any "rebellion" on the part of these thirty thousand weeping women and children? We do not know whether they were colored or not, but it seems they were sufficient. "BRICK" FOMEROY,
Ed. La Crosse (Wis.) Democrat.

Beautiful Figure.

Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral; both stood on a rude scaffolding, constructed for the purpose, some eighty feet from the floor.

One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved backward slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had reached the very edge of the plank upon which he stood.

At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath. If he spoke to him it would be certain death—if he held his breath death was equally sure.

Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, scattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce imprecations—but started at his ghastly face, he listened to the recital of danger, looked suddenly over the dreary space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him.

So we sometimes get absorbed in looking upon the pictures of this world, and contemplating them, step backward, unconscious of our peril, when the Almighty dashes out the beautiful images, and we spring forward to lament their destruction—into the outstretched arms of Mercy, and are saved!

Beauty and the Press.

The editor of the Jackson Mississippi vindicates the editorial fraternity against the charge of an Alabama paper. Hear how he sings in prose:

"The editor of an Alabama journal has succumbed to an attack of 'beauty' and don't understand it. An editor and not understand beauty! Don't you know that from the day the fair Helen aroused all Greece to arms and produced a fierce contest which resulted in the destruction of Troy, from the period when Cleopatra, the charming Queen of Egypt, captivated a ruler and involved the Roman Empire in a fratricidal war—beauty has reigned over the hearts of men, sometimes marking out their destiny and exerting over them a resistless influence? Beauty, like the great luminary of the heavens, dispenses its beams far and wide over mankind, controlling, moving, winning and charming the supposed lords of creation, and whose power is known, felt and acknowledged."

At what hour did the devil make his appearance in the garden of Eden? Some time during the night. He certainly came after Eve.

For the Pulaski Citizen. Our Flowers.

BY LILLIAN M.

Go to our home and I'll show you
A cluster of beautiful flowers,
The fairest, the sweetest that ever bloomed
In Northern or Southern bowers;
They bloom in their homes so sweetly,
Like costly jewels set
In a wreath of gold, our lovely buds—
Rose, Lilly, and Mignonette.

First is Lillian, the merry little sprite,
Her black eyes flashing with fun,
Whose tripping feet are never still
From the hall out of fun;
The beautiful face, ever wreathed with smile,
No sorrow her young heart knows—
The round cheeks, dimpled and blushing—
She is our winsome Rose.

SALLIE, the blue-eyed silent one,
With face so meek and fair,
With our every thought for thee, dear one,
Is mingled an earnest prayer.
Around her forehead, like a halo twines
Her rippling, golden hair—
Twin sister to our blooming Rose,
Is our Lilly so sweet and fair.

Now, HATTIE, the youngest, the fairy elf,
With hazel eyes, sparkling bright,
Never walking but dashing thro' that home,
Carrying with her a tide of light;
Into every mischief is her tiny hands,
Our darling, dark-eyed pet,
Our home would indeed be darkened
Without our Mignonette.

That home is humble, but what care we?
We have our beautiful flowers—
We would not exchange for a Rothschild's gold
Those pure, sweet buds of ours,
Others may boast of their broad, fair lands,
Their gold and station, yet
I know they are not so happy as we
With Rose, Lilly and Mignonette.

There are gilded saloons in palace homes
Which her school to pattering feet,
We will under give back the ringing laugh
Of childhood glad and sweet;
No tendrils have twined round the owner's
They've never thrilled to baby tones; [heart,
Take land and gold; we'll be content
With our buds and cottage home.

Sweet, motherless buds, around each one
Lingers a sister's prayer:
May thy paths thro' life be darkened ne'er
By a shadow of grief and care;
A father's hand thy steps will guide
As ye roam thro' earthly bowers,
And when life's transients, may ye be met
To bloom 'mid heavenly flowers.

PULASKI, July, 1866.

For the Pulaski Citizen. To —

BY JESSE.

Sweet haunter of my twilight dreams!
Bright vision of my heart!
Of all I hear and all I see
Thou seemest ever near!
Thou art to me a soothing tone,
Mid voices harsh and rude,
A smile mid angry words, a flower
In life's solitude.

In all the wildwood's melodies,
In all the song of birds,
And in the tones of breeze and fount
I hear thy low sweet words,
And in the soft and moonlit floods
That float along the sky,
And in the willow-boughs that sway
As sweep the breezes by;

And in the lake whose calm breast
Are pictured grove and hill,
In heaven's bright stars and earth's sweet
I see thy beauty still. [flowers,
No sculptor, sleeping mid the flowers,
At summer day's decline,
Ever dreamed of fairer forms more bright,
More beautiful than thine.

PULASKI, July 12, 1866.

An Interesting Story of the War. [From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

There is now living in this city a family, the history of which forms something so romantic as to constitute a most interesting story.

In the summer of 1859 Charles Geroux became a graduate of a college in the southern part of this State. He was the descendant of an aristocratic family who lived in Louisiana, and to be brief, he was then a full embodiment of the "chivalry," just having entered his majority. While attending college he had formed the acquaintance of Clara G., who attended a college for young ladies in this city, which acquaintance ripened into attachment and love, and just before the breaking out of the rebellion they were married, and removed South.—Miss G. was an orphan, possessed of a considerable property, which was held in trust by her uncle, a Southern minister, who had raised her from infancy, and personally superintended her education. In addition to the endowments of a collegiate education, she was possessed of a strong character, bordering almost on the masculine, but tempered with a sweetness and mildness not often combined in the same person. She was at once handsome and womanly.

Within a year after their marriage and settlement in the South, came the fierce, wild blasts of war from Sumter's parapet, and there was none more ready to enter the deadly fray than Charles Geroux. His political tutors were practical secessionists, and he entered upon the war with a fervor and zeal to command the admiration of his friends, and which secured him a Major's commission. His wife opposed his mad scheme with all the power of a woman's eloquence, but to no avail. She openly espoused the cause of the Union, and steadfastly refused to co-operate with her new friends and neighbors.

Notwithstanding her love for the old flag, and open Unionism, her husband loved her, and while her husband was at home the neighbors respected her. Geroux invested all his ready property, which included his wife's fortune, in Confederate bonds, placed them in her hands, gave her a kiss for a short farewell, assuring her that the war would soon be over, and, marching at the head of a victorious column of his country's defenders, she would be proud to welcome him.

After two years of service in the Confederate army, he was captured a prisoner, by the victorious Sherman in his march to Atlanta, and sent to Camp Douglas.

This was good news to his wife and she resolved to make her way North and rejoin him in his prison home, and if she could not secure his pardon, to at least stay near him. Her Confederate bonds were worthless, and she was penniless. She made her way to the Mississippi river, and took passage in the ill-fated steamer "Sultana" for the North. She sold some jewelry for money sufficient to carry her to Chicago. Arriving at Memphis, her child was taken very ill, and by the advice of the captain, she remained there to secure medical aid for the child. Within twenty-four hours thereafter, the boiler of the "Sultana" exploded, and twelve hundred lives were lost.

Geroux fared ill at ease in Camp Douglas, and made many stratagems to escape. He finally succeeded in bribing a raw sentinel to let him pass, and to avoid pursuit a resort to deception became necessary. A comrade of his was on the point of death. His mess dressed the dead soldier in the Major's uniform and conveyed him to the dead house, and gave his name as Major Charles Geroux, 3d Louisiana Regiment, C. S. A. The next morning the body was taken away and buried, and the rank, name, regiment and place of burial were duly recorded in the register of the Camp Douglas dead, by C. H. Jordan, the undertaker for the Government, at Chicago. That night Geroux escaped. His absence created no enquiry, as he was reported dead.

For the purpose of avoiding public roads and conveyances, he took a horse from a pasture near Camp Douglas, belonging to J. L. Hancock, and by avoiding the public roads as much as possible, reached Moline the next day. His actions excited suspicion, and he was arrested on suspicion of having stolen the horse, and was lodged in the Moline jail. No proof being found, he was discharged.

Coming thence to this city he obtained a situation in a wholesale grocery house.

After the usual delays in passing letters through the lines, he learned that his two brothers were killed in the battle of the Wilderness, that his father's estate had been confiscated to the United States Government, and his father had voluntarily exiled himself to Mexico. His wife and child, the only information was that they had sought to get North, and took passage on the "Sultana," since which they had not been heard of, and no doubt remained that they had perished. His true position had been studiously concealed and he avoided his former acquaintances. Shortly after he received this intelligence from the South, Sherman started on his grand march from Atlanta, and Grant marshaled his grand army before Petersburg, and the Confederate States army vanished almost as a vision. During the past summer Geroux returned to the South, and was fully confirmed in the information he had received about his family, and that his real estate had also been confiscated. He gave his wife and child up as lost, and returned to Cincinnati.

After his wife and child had remained in Memphis, and escaped the disaster of the steamer "Sultana," she started for Chicago, and reached Camp Douglas. Impatient at any delay, she hastened there with expectations high to meet him who was dearer to her than life. The reader can picture to himself the agony of this sad wife. A stranger, destitute of money, carrying in her arms a weakly child, not yet recovered from a severe illness, and she herself worn out with fatigue and anxiety, when she learned that her husband was dead. There was no doubt of his death; the register kept at Camp Douglas showed it, and the grave was pointed out to her, which bore this inscription upon a pine board:

"MAJOR CHARLES GEROUX,
THIRD LOUISIANA INFANTRY."

The same grave this day is neatly sodded over, and at its head grows a rose-bush.

Broken-hearted, and bowed down with grief, she wended her way on foot to the great city of Chicago—not knowing why she went. A stranger among strangers, with no one to aid or pity her, save the great God, who in her inmost heart, she believed had forsaken her.

She was taken in and cared for by the Sisters of Charity until she could hear from her friends in Ohio, from whom she had received no intelligence for the past four years. A letter was received, that immediately after the war her uncle had died, and that, soon after, his widow had removed to Iroquois County, Illinois, to live with

her married son. Mrs. Geroux was supplied with money to enable her to find her friends in Iroquois County, where she has since resided.

Geroux returned to his situation at Cincinnati, and was sent by his firm to collect a debt due in Iroquois County. When there, he sought out the attorney who had him discharged on the habeas corpus, to learn the whereabouts of the horse that did him such good service, and to secure his assistance in collecting his debt. He soon made himself known, and while they were discussing about the stolen horse, a lady and child entered the same office. This was a momentary pause, and husband and wife were in each other's arms. We do not attempt to describe the scene which followed. The husband found a wife and child, whom he firmly believed to be dead, and the wife found a husband, over whose grave she had shed bitter tears of woe.

Mrs. Geroux was visiting the same attorney, to find out about her husband's confiscated property, and to apply to the Government to have his property restored to her.

A Good Education.

A good education is that which prepares us for our future sphere of action. A warrior or statesman requires a different kind of training from that of a mother or the instructress of a school. A lady who has many accomplishments, and yet is deficient in the science of house-keeping has not been well educated.

A good education makes us contented with our lot. This is what an ancient philosopher said made him happy in an obscure abode, and when he was alone, talked to him.

A restless and complaining temper proves a bad education.

A good education is a fortune in itself. I do not mean that it will always secure wealth; but it brings something better than the gold that perishes—for this may be suddenly lost. Fire may consume it. The thief may take it away.

But that knowledge which enriches the mind, that moderates its desires, which teaches us to make a right use of time and promote the happiness of others, is superior to the elements. Fire, air, earth, and water have no power over it. It can outlast servants. It walks with us in our years, and does not leave us till we die.

Mrs. Stuart.

"Oh, doctor, run to our house quick! You kin! Dick's got the measles, and Tom turned a sunburnt over the fodder stack and smothered all to finders. Sam's got the piken-chox, and mother's got the papoplexy, and dad's drunk the worst sort and got the biggest kind 'o fit and—and oh, lo, I want some candy!"

An honest German got excited over an elopement of a man, and exclaimed, "If mine wife away, mit another man's wife, I vill hit him out her preaches, if she be fadder, mine Got!"

A Western paper strikes the names of two of its subscribers from its list because they were recently hung. The publisher says he was compelled to be severe, because he did not know their present address.

SAID a crazy woman of a penurious, stingy man: "Do you see that man? You could blow his soul through a humming bird's quill into a mosquito's eye, and the mosquito wouldn't wink!"

Quoth Tom, "Though be fair her features, it is her figure that pleases me." "What may her figure be?" I cried. "One hundred thousand!" he replied.

The gentleman who sent us "fifteen thousand dollars in good wishes," will be indignant to learn that a butcher refused a quarter of mutton for them.

WHAT sort of a figure does Mary cut when she leaves the room? A polly-gone.

A man named Josh was brought before a country squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses being examined, swore they saw him steal it. A wag having volunteered as counsel for Josh, knowing the scope of the squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows: "May it please your honor, I can establish this man's honesty by the shadow of a doubt, for I have three witnesses who are ready to swear they did not see him steal it." The squire ed his head for a few moments at the thought, and with great dignity and brushing back his hair, said: "You are twelve who did not see him steal only three who did. I discharge the other."

"I sing to please myself," said a gentleman who was humming a tune in court. "Then you are not difficult to please," a lady who sat next to him.

"I'll tell you how you can see more than you do," said a wayward keeper. "How's that?" "Don't see much."